

# The Hong Kong Daily Press.

No. 5615

日二念月十年亥乙緒光

HONGKONG, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19th, 1875.

五桂體 號九十月一英 香港

PRICE \$2 PER MONTH.

## Arrivals.

November 18, MADAGASCAR, German str., 862, E. Thom, Bangkok 6th November.  
November 18, FU-YEN, Chinese steamer, 920, C. M. S. & C. Co., General, C. M. S. N. Co., November 18, GLENFALOCK, British str., 1,266, McBain, Nagasaki 13th Nov.  
General, LURRING, MARTINSON & CO., November 18, DORA, Spanish brig, 322, Z. Yane, San 13th November, Ribas, 1st Kino.  
November 18, GALLATA, German str., 1,330, Dora, Hamburg 22nd September, London 1st October, Penang 7th November, and Singapore 10th, General, Simey & Co., November 18, Sow-chen, Chinese gunboat, 150, Scott, Canton 18th November.  
November 18, H.M.S. VIGILANT, 300, Lieutenant H. C. D. Ryder, Shanghai 15th November.

## Clearances.

At the HARBOURMASTER'S OFFICE, NOVEMBER 18th.  
Elie, for Saigon.  
Golak, for Bangkok.

## Departures.

November 18, DOUGLAS, str., for Whampoa.  
November 18, CHUSAN, for Chittagong.  
November 18, TIGER, str., for Saigon and Marseilles.  
November 18, FU-YEN, str., for Canton.  
November 18, MARIE ALEXANDRE, for Bangkok.  
November 18, HOCHUNG, str., for Shanghai.  
November 18, GLACIUS, str., for Shanghai.

## Passengers.

ARRIVED.  
Per Madagascar, str., from Bangkok.—  
24 Chinese.  
Per FU-YEN, str., from Shanghai.—  
10 Chinese.  
Per Golak, str., from Nagasaki.—  
Mr. Haughton, 2 European, dock, and 2 Chinese.  
Per Golak, str., from Hamburg, &c.—  
Dr. Nisbet, Captain, Messrs. Gordon and Aclote, and 20 Chinese.

## Departed.

Per Tigris, str., Mr. L. L. Hutchinson, 1 Chinese.

## Reports.

H.M.S. Vigilant, reports left Shanghai on 15th November, and had strong monsoon.

H.M.S. Audacious left on the 14th.

The German steamer Madagasgar reports left Bangkok on 6th November. In the Gulf of Siam had fine weather and light Northward winds. Up the China Sea strong N.N.E. winds and high sea.

The Chinese steamer Fu-yen reports left Shanghai on 13th November, and had fine weather and moderate monsoon throughout.

Passed the F. & S. Islands, and the Sunda Islands, and a bark, bound North.

The British steamer Glenfalloch reports left Nagasaki on 13th November. Had moderate monsoon and fine weather throughout. Passed a steamer, name unknown, on the evening of the 17th. On the 16th, passed a three-masted schooner, bound South.

The German steamer Golak reports left Hamburg on 22nd September, London on 1st October, Penang on 7th November, and Singapore on the 10th at 4 p.m. From Singapore experienced strong gales from the N.E. and N.N.E. with high sea and cloudy weather.

Vessels that have arrived in Europe from Ports in China, Japan and Manila.

(Per last Mail's Advice.)

Wards, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, &c., of arrival.

Augustus (s.), Manila... Sept. 29

Loon (s.), Manila... Sept. 29

St. Gull (s.), Foochow... Sept. 29

Glenroy (s.),... Hongkong... Sept. 29

Erege (s.), Foochow... Sept. 29

Glycyls (s.), China Ports... Sept. 30

Vessels Expected at Hongkong. (Corrected to Date.)

Name. Date.

Aloha... Cardif... April 28

Lanterns... Cardif... May 29

Prince Louis... Cardif... May 29

Robert Boal... Falmouth... May 3

Carlo Magnus... Liverpool... June 21

Barker... London... June 28

Coldstream... London... June 28

Minnesota... Boston (U.S.A.)... July 7

W. H. G.... London... July 16

J. Christian... Cardif... July 16

Malor... Cardif... July 16

Gustav Adolph... Hamburg... July 16

Alfredo... Cardif... July 23

Hopewell... London... July 30

Stedano... London... July 30

Barbado... London... July 30

Egypt... Newport... July 31

Gryfe... London... August 13

Sirish Nicholson... London... August 17

Paradise... Cardif... August 20

Iphigenia... Hamburg... Sept. 4

Chrysanthemum... Cardif... Sept. 18

Vesicos (s.)... Hamburg... Sept. 23

Formosa... Hamburg... Sept. 23

Sir H. Parker... London... Sept. 23

## Auction Sales To-day.

LANE, CRAWFORD & CO., At 12 noon, Sundy Goods.

J. M. ARMSTRONG, At 12 noon, Household Furniture, &c.

LONDON AND ORIENTAL STEAM TRANSIT INSURANCE OFFICE, 157, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON ESTABLISHED 1843.

The Underwriter is authorised to accept Risks on behalf of this Office, by First Class Steamers and Sailing Ships.

A. MOYER, Agent, Hongkong, 1st November, 1875.

## To be Let.

TO LET.  
Possession on the 1st January, 1876.  
THE PREMISES on the Praya, known as MESSRS. DENT & CO.'S CENTRAL BUILDING.

ROZARIO & CO., 187 Hongkong, 25th October, 1875.

TO BE LET.

With Immediate Possession.

THE HOUSE NO. 1, Conduit Street, Apply to GIBB, LIVINGSTON & CO., 173 Hongkong, 28th September, 1875.

TO LET.

With Immediate Possession.

THE SEMI-detached RESIDENCES Nos. 1 and 2, WESTBOURNE VILLAS, Bonham Road.

HOUSES on Upper Mosque Terrace.

All with Gas and Water laid on.

Apply to GIBB, LIVINGSTON & CO., 173 Hongkong, 28th September, 1875.

TO LET.

With Immediate Possession.

THE CHINA AND JAPAN MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY.

TO LET.

With Immediate Possession.

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THE CHINA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, Queen's Road.

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## NOTICES OF FIRMS.

HAVING resigned my situation in the Queen's Own Royal Fusiliers, I have this day discontinued my services as MERCHANT and COMMISSION AGENT, under the style of "SUN GREE & CO."

1855, Hongkong, 12th November, 1875.

THE Undersigned has been appointed AGENT of this Port for Messrs. HENRY S. KING & CO. of London.

OFFICE—No. 6, Stanley Street.

W. H. NOTLEY.

1765 Hongkong, 24th October, 1874.

## NOTICE.

WE have established ourselves at this Port as SHIP CHANDLERS, SAIL-MAKERS, and GENERAL STOREKEEPERS, under the firm of H. BEUERMANN, HERBST & CO.

F. W. BEUERMANN,  
E. HERBST.

13, Queen's Road,  
Hongkong, 1st November, 1875. (W. 1619)

DEATH TO WHITE ANTS.

THE Undersigned has received a further supply of MULPAS'S PATENT COMPOUND for Preserving Timber from the Rovers of White Ants.

One Package will cover 200 superficial feet of Flooring. Price 50 cents per Package.

W. H. NOTLEY.

For B. Davies, Sole Agent for China.

No. 6, Stanley Street, 1st Oct., 1875. (No. 1421)

PATENT SAIL-DRY & DOCK COMPANY.

NOVELTY IRON WORKS.

No. 32, PLAYA WEST, MACHINE, BOILER, and BLACKSMITH SHOPS.

IRON AND BRASS FOUNDRIES.

THE Undersigned is now prepared to take

on long Voyages for PARTHING and RED COPPERING, also large REPAIRS to Hulls and Machinery, &c.

A Large Asortment of Spars and Lumber, Iron and Copper Plates, Iron and Brass Rods, Pits, Oakum, and Felt, Sheet Metal and Nails, Rivets, Screw Bolts and Wood Screws, always on hand.

Boats and Steam Launches built to order.

H. C. BAILEY,

Manager, Office, Novelty Iron Works, Praya West, Hongkong, 26th July, 1875. (No. 1428)

BIRTH.

On the 17th Nov., Mrs. J. B. COUGHENOUR, of Twin Daughters.

(1716)

The Daily Press.

HONGKONG, NOVEMBER 19th, 1875.

ASSYRIA, Rome, Carthage, where are they?

And it may perhaps soon be added, Spain, Portugal, Holland, where, as potential States, are they?

Austria and France appear to be

slowly sinking into insignificance, and Ger-

many and Russia are rapidly rising into

gigantic Powers, while Britain, thus after-

wards, fails to avail herself of the opportunities

that offer for the advancement of her power,

the increase of her trade, and the consequent

comfort of her people. Nations, like men,

come into existence, flourish, and decay;

which they should not neglect, and duties

which they should not fail to perform. The

British Government, unfortunately, has for

years confined its attention to domestic

affairs—the repealing of laws made by our

fathers, the making of laws for our children

to repeal. Such questions as the extension

of the suffrage, enquiries into the doings

of electors, whose only idea concerning a

vote is that it should be sold as a

advantageously as possible; and disputes

about the absurdities of superstition, have occupied the British Government more than the fates of

peoples, the advancement of the blessings

of civilisation, the repression of

crimes and wrongs, and the exten-

sion of British power and commerce. Does

Britain as a nation owe nothing to other

countries? Is she not to endeavour to spread

civilisation and good government, with the

enlightenment, security, and comfort which

attend them; round the world? Is she not to

raise the fallen and debased, and protect the

injured and oppressed? Should she not en-

deavour to improve the world? Should she

not discourage selfishness, and help to pro-

mote a firm but truly generous and bene-

volent policy among nations?

If it is a crime for a man to look on quietly

and see a murderer committed without attempt-

ing to prevent it, it is scarcely less for the

British nation to witness the beheadings of

the King of DAHOMEY without despatching

a few marines and sailors to make an example

of his Majesty. But the expense of despatch-

ing marines and sailors stands in the

way. Surely, however rich and luxurious

and powerful England can afford to be generous. But something more than the cost has to be thought of. The King of DAHOMEY does not consider it any crime to sacrifice a few thousand captives to the manes of his

ancestors—in fact, he considers it highly

meritorious. His Royal mind never thinks

of the widows mourning and orphans and old

folk starving in the centre of Africa. Ergo,

he should be remonstrated with kindly and

forbearingly, and due consideration should be

shown for his customs and his Royal dignity.

Such is the reasoning and such the policy

of modern English statesmen. Is it not some-

thing lacking in vigour? Is it not likely to

bring about a decline of British prestige and

influence? The King of DAHOMEY is not

the only offender against Western civilisation

and Western ideas of humanity. His Royal

Brother the Sultan of TURKEY almost rivals

him. The accounts received for some years

past of the cruelty and the outrages of the

Turks towards the Christian inhabitants of

the land—they have devastated and are mis-

governing have been appalling. The op-

pression under which they have so long

laboured has lately provoked one of the

constantly recurring rebellions that so frequently

shock Europe. Yet Britain not only suffers

such enormousities to be committed, but actually

intervenes to protect the perpetrators from

Russia.

While fully recognising the threatening

power of Russia and her intrigues for ascer-

tancy in Asia, it must also be admitted that

she is performing her duty to the world by

stamping out barbarism and misrule in all

the countries that lie within her reach. The

adoption by England of an honourable and

manly policy towards her cannot be too

strongly advocated. Asia is the arena on

which England and Russia must meet, unless

England will withdraw from India and allow

Russia to tax her trade with Asia; but it is

not reasonable that a mean and pitifully

should exist between these two great Powers.

Let Russia look to her advantage and serve

herself and the world, and let England do

likewise. If Turkey is made neutral ground

as yet able to do.

The jury were—Messrs. A. F. Rebeiro, L.

Poernacker, E. George, C. F. Grossmann, F. F.

Ellwell, and F. J. Schutte.

The Attorney-General (represented by the

Crown Solicitor) prosecuted; prisoners were

not defended.

The Attorney-General said that he was not in a

position to say at present.

The Lordship said he could take them without

any trouble.

The Attorney-General said he would be able

to say more about it when the Court met again.

The Lordship (after confering with Mr. Justice Snowdon) said he was astonished to hear from the Attorney-General that the practice in England was not so bad as he had stated. It certainly was not so bad as he had stated.

The Attorney-General said he would have something to say on the point later on.

UNLAWFUL POSSESSION OF A PIRATICALLY STOLEN JUNK.

Oban Afoo and Man Foo Sow were indicted

for being in possession of a junk, a boat,

and a Chinese newspaper (which had been printed in the United States) at Tsimshatsui on the 12th September last.

The jury were—Messrs. A. F. Rebeiro, L.

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## Extracts.

**THE WALZ OF VON WEBER'S.**  
Gay and gaily rings the gay music,  
The bairns, many merrily, here and there,  
The mad waltz, that's here and there,  
Till over the midnight comes stealing the morn.

Down the floor, down the floor, waltzing the morn,  
Waltz and waltz, here and there, and there.

As the sweet summer still come blushing and glowing  
From the city's great gardens deep in the dew.

Under the sun as they floated and floated,  
Under the sun as they floated and floated.

We two and we two floated and floated  
Into the mystic midnight hours.

And just as the sun was setting and fading,  
The last of this waltz waltz began.

I can hear the soft notes now swelling and pleading,  
And I catch the soft piano of the waltz and the morn.

That lay in your hand, your hand on my shoulder,  
As down the great hall, gay and gay.

We danced and we danced till the dawn of the day,  
All under the flag, and under the arches.

But who should I dream over this dream old ledger,  
In this counting-room down in this dingy old street.

Of that night or that morn, just there at the doorway,  
When our hearts beat in time to our waltz and the morn?

What is it that makes this dream of enchantment,  
So fragrant and fresh out the dead years?

That just for a moment I even that the music  
Of Von Weber's waltz was still in my ears?

What is it, indeed, in this ugly old lady,  
That brings me that night or that morn, I see?

What is it, indeed?—I laugh to witness it,  
A hand engrossing a waltz and the morn?

But somewhere else I caught in the morn,  
That waltz of Von Weber's, and back it all came.

What a night and the morn, just there at the doorway,  
When I danced the last dance with my first and last name.

My first and my last, but who would believe me,  
It, down in this dusky old ally to day?

Twist the ink-stained, the morn, and money,  
I should suddenly turn in my moment and say.

That one memory only had left me a lonely  
A gay and gaily bairns dancing of hours.

When the morn and the morn, from the dusk to the  
The darkness.

Spiced out to the music of Weber's waltz and the morn?

—S. F. News Letter.

**A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.**  
Valladolid, the former capital of Spain, is a sleepy, sombre-looking town, standing on the left bank of the Pisuerga river, at its confluence with the Esla. Though once populous, it now contains scarcely twenty thousand inhabitants, and has that look of slow but sure decay so common to all Spanish towns. Though once the centre of political power, the seat of fashion, pride, and pomp, the home of learning, religion, and the arts, it retains to-day scarcely a shadow of its former grandeur; time, neglect, and invasion have dimmed its gloom, and crumbled many of its monuments; and what the foreign foe spared civil war has wasted.

But yet, beneath the dust of its former

grandeur, there still remain many objects of

attraction. One of the finest universities in

Spain, founded more than five hundred years

ago, still exists here, and also an Academy of

Arts, the ancient Royal Palace, a public

library, and a museum. The museum is the

principal object of attraction, and is rich in

paintings, robes, and sculpture. Here are

preserved numerous portraits of the kings

and queens of Spain and Castile, and

various mementoes of their lives and

reign. The various dynasties to which

they belonged have generally become extinct,

the kingdoms which acknowledged the sway

of their sceptre have passed away. Their

very tombs have been ravished by invasion

and civil war; but through all this change

and violence, this museum has been preserved

almost intact, and with the exception of new

treasures, which have been gathered from

century to century, the collection is little

changed from what it was five centuries ago,

when Alfonso IV., its founder, passed along

its aisles, and, contemplated with satisfied

pride the creation of his taste and liberality.

In one of the rooms of this gallery the

visitor is shown a portrait of Pedro IV.,

commonly known in history as "Pedro the

Cruel," King of Castile and Leon; and

among the robes is shown a gold cross and

chain, once the property of the beautiful

Blanche de Bourgogne, the unfortunate wife of

this infamous sovereign. Some historians

also mention a picture of the ill-fated woman,

which they assert was once found here, but if

such was the case it has since disappeared,

for nothing in regard to it is now known.

The history of this unfortunate queen

possesses a sad interest, which the lapse of

years has done little to weaken, and Spanish

romancers have found it a fruitful theme for

story and song. She was born at the Castle

of the Louvre in Paris, in 1328. Her father

was the unfortunate King John II., who

subsequently died a prisoner in London. On

his assumption to the throne, to the king

the captors hastened to report to the king

the success of the nefarious plot.

For nearly two years the queen remained

in this prison, carelessly guarded. Her father,

incensed at the outrage upon his child, de-

manded her release, and upon the repeated

refusal of her husband to restore her to

liberty, he marched an army into Castile to

effect her liberation by force of arms.

In the meantime the story of the unfortunate

queen had become well known, and the chivalrous Spaniards were moved to pity for her

sufferings, and burned to avenge her wrongs.

Inspired by those sentiments, thousands

flocked to join the standard of the rescuing

army which rapidly approached the fortress

of Arzobla. Pedro, alarmed for the safety of

the fair prisoner, brought her forces from

the castle of Arzobla, and made a formal demand for her release.

He was unmerciful, and no sooner had he

assumed the reins of authority than his nobles

began to urge upon him the im-

portance of some matrimonial alliance.

One of his ministers, who had recently come from

Paris, suggested his marriage with the

daughter of the French king. He dwelt so

enthusiastically on the beauty of the young

princess, the grace of her manners, the

charms of her person, the purity and sweet-

ness of her character, that Pedro resolved to

demand her hand in marriage. According

in 1353, a brilliant embassy left Valladolid

for Paris, and made a formal demand for the

hand of King John's youngest daughter,

Blanche.

This peasant girl was at this time

but fifteen years of age, with a delicate but

well-formed figure, brilliant complexion, dark

silken hair, which fell in beautiful glances

around her beautiful face, of a sweet gen-

erous, and confiding temperament, a devout

Christian, and a dutiful daughter, and pos-

sed of such accomplishments as were usual

in that day, with ladies of her rank and

station.

The nobles who composed the embassy

were delighted with the young princess, and

earnestly urged the object of their mission.

The father sought to conciliate a ruler as

powerful and important as the King of

Castile, gladly accepted the proffered alliance,

and, without consulting the queen,

marriage contract was made. When all the

preliminaries were arranged, she was in-

formed of the engagement, and directed her

husband to make his preparations for the

journey to Spain.

Early in the year 1353 she left Paris, ac-

companied by a brilliant cortège of French

and Spanish nobility. On arriving at the

frontier, the former made her abode, and with

the exception of a few old fatal domestics,

returned to Paris, while the Spanish atten-

tions had been withdrawn.

But the king, who was to become the husband of

the beautiful and gentle princess, was pre-

eminent for his vice, in that day of

cruelty and wickedness, and it was a non-

arch earned his title he fully earned the distinction which history has accorded to him under the name of "Pedro the Cruel." From the beginning to the close of his reign he reigned in blood, cruelty, and crime. For the man who had relieved her life of so much wretchedness, she brought the friends of the man who had so unselfishly espoused her cause, to disarm all resistance to the Royal authority, and Padroso found himself relieved of opposition, and a powerful army at his command.

There was no longer occasion for disimulation; the mask fell, and his conduct changed as suddenly as before. The old favorite was brought to the palace, and poor Blanche had her dream of happiness suddenly dissipated, and was hurried into the fortress of Logrono, where her confinement became more rigorous than ever.

For several years she was kept a close prisoner, and although her friends again struggled for her release, aided by her brother, Charles V., who had succeeded her father on the throne of France, their efforts were unsuccessful. But Pedro became at last weary of the constant vigil necessary to guard his prisoner, and determined to rid himself of the anxiety.

She was removed to the fortress of Xerez, and placed in charge of Ortiz de Zuniga, with instructions to remove her as speedily as possible, and as the time approached when he would be compelled to forsake his mistress for his lawful wife, he turned the weak and half-bred Blanche into the arms of the young and amorous Don Juan, who had succeeded his brother as the new monarch of Spain.

He was promptly removed and himself imprisoned, while a less humane instrument was chosen for the purpose, named Bobleto. In ten days after he assumed the office of governor, the unfortunate Blanche breathed her last.

No kind friends were present to minister to her wants, or soothe her last hours. Fear hardened to cries of anguish, heard her last sigh; hearts long unused to pity were stung against her distress; and cold, cruel words of mockery responded to her cries for aid. Rough hands prepared for her burial. Her grave was made beneath the stone floor of her prison, and for four hundred years this daughter of a French monarch and wife of a Castilian king slept undisturbed. But then the grave up its dead, the prison its terrible secret, and the mournful fate of Blanche de Bourbon became known beyond a doubt.

**A SHEWED MADMAN.**  
When the Earl of Bradford was brought before Lord Chancellor Loughborough to be examined upon application for a statute of lunacy against him, the Chancellor asked him, "How many legs has a sheep?" "Does your lordship mean, 'a live sheep'?" "It is not the same thing," said the Chancellor. "No, my lord," said Lord Bradford, "there is no difference; a living sheep may have four legs, a dead sheep has only two. There are but two legs of mutton; the two fore legs are shoulders."

**SLEEP.**

What know is sleep? How is it that summer refreshes our woe, and restores our wasted energies? Very largely is it that in sleep we are unconscious—unconscious of self. Consciousness is a burden from which we need relief; long-continued, set upon us it wears us out. When we fall asleep, we close our eyes, and let fall eyelid curtains between ourselves and the outer world, we are shutting out all objects that would appeal to our sensitiveness and make us feel ourselves. This is most evident in pain. Standing by a sick-bed, the weary watcher of another's weary suffering sees how the intensity of feeling is wasting his own; little discomforts become intolerable agony to the overwrought sensitiveness, and pray for him a small interval of unconsciousness. To cease to feel would give new life to the sick one: "Lord, if it sleep, we shall do well." Or worn out by his own anxieties, the watcher throws himself down and craves the boon of a few moments' forgetfulness. Sleep is one of a whole class of healthful agencies, the secret of which is that they set us free from the consciousness of self. "God giveth us rest," anodynes of this law. Long-continued feeling of any kind wears us out, especially the feeling that makes the greatest call upon the attention; and we need to cease from consciousness to be refreshed. A day spent in sleeping, a ride through a very beautiful country, with constant succession of mountains and streams, lakes and woods, must be followed by long repose. What we call deep sleep—sleep unbroken by dreams—wherein we lie alternately unconscious is most refreshing. Dreams themselves those most disturb our rest, which are the most disturbing of all.

The party moved rapidly away from the castle, and the now trembling woman was taken into the carriage, hurried into the fortress, and told that she was to be henceforth a prisoner. The history of this unfortunate queen possesses a sad interest, which the lapse of years has done little to weaken, and Spanish romancers have found it a fruitful theme for story and song. She was born at the Castle of the Louvre in Paris, in 1328